

A Letter from a Morman Wife defending Polygamy.

Mrs. Malinda Marden Pratt, one of the seven wives of a distinguished member of the Utah Legislature, of the name of George Pratt, of Sydney, British Columbia, N. H., a letter in which she defends Polygamy, and sustains her course of life. The letter is written with ability, a vein of pious devotion pervading it. It is very long, but we make the following extract to show the strength of the delusion under which these people are laboring :

Now, dear friends, much as I long to see you, and how I long to hear from you, I never come to these thoughts. I feel as though the Gospel had introduced me into the right family, into the right lineage, and into good company. And besides all these considerations, should I ever become so bedeviled with unbelief of the scriptures and heavenly institutions as to doubt the truth of the Gospel, I should be in New Hampshire in theory, and in practical life. My views are different, and I could, I fear, continue to separate us by a wide and most impassable gulf.

For instance, I have [as you see, in all good conscience, founded on the word God,] formed family and kindred ties, which are inexpressibly dear to me, and I can never bring my feelings to consent to dissolve them.

I have a good and virtuous husband, whom I love. I've four little children which are mutually and inexpressibly dear to us. And besides this, my husband has seven other living wives, and one who has separated to a better world. He has in all upwards of

He is a practical teacher of morals and religion; a promoter of general education; and at present occupies an honorable seat in the Legislative Council of his Territory.

Now, as to visiting my kindred in New Hampshire, would be pleased to do so, were it the will of God. At first, the laws of that State must be so modified as to enlighten legislation, and the customs and consciences of its inhabitants, and of my kindred, so

wives and children, and be as much respected and honored in his family organization, and in his holy calling, as he is at home, or in the same as the patriarch Jacob would have been respected had he, with his wives and children, paid a visit to his kindred. As my husband is yet in his youth, as well as myself, we do hope we will be mutually compensated for already the star of Jacob in this day; the House of Israel is about to be restored; while Mystery Babylon," with all her institutions, awaits our own overthrow.

Till this is the case in New Hampshire my kindred will be the necessity of coming here to see us, or, on the other hand, we will be mutually compelled to forego the pleasure of each others company. Now, dear sister, I must close; I wish all my kindred and old acquaintances to see this letter, or a copy thereof; and that they will consider it as if written themselves. I love them dearly, and greatly desire to see and converse with them, and that we may all meet with Abraham Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom of God.

Dear sister, do not let your prejudices and traditions keep you from believing the Bible; nor the ride, shame, or love of the world keep you from your part in the kingdom of heaven, among the royal family and peers of the world. Write and let me hear from you with sentiments of the dearest affection and kindest regards.

her feeling, I remain, dear sister, your affectionate
 sister. BELINDA MARDEN PRATT.

Mrs. Lydia Kimball, Nashua, N. H.

P. S. My kind love to your husband and all in-
 quiring friends.

A Touching Relic of Pompeii.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part, the relics have a merely curious interest, they belong to archeology, and find appropriate resting places in historical museums.

But there are some exceptions. Here, for instance, the excavator drops—an uninvited guest—upon a banquet; there he unexpectedly obtrudes himself in a sepulchre. In one place he finds a miser cowering at the foot of his heap of gold, and in another a dancing hall and broken instruments of music lying on the marble floor. In the midst of the painted chambers, statues, vases, columns, fountains—among the splendid halls, halls of material wealth, he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching human story, such as awakes the imagination and suggests the mournful interest of the great conjugal separation. The sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of the field of battle.

Such, to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavators in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of killing, accompanied by a dog. One of the victims is a young girl, a young girl with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitive had a bag of gold and silver with them—snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness.—But the fiery flood was on their track—and vain their flight, their flight—the age of one, the youth of the other. The young girl lay rolled above them and beyond, and he faithful dog lay down to share the fortunes of his mistress, dying at her feet.

Seen by the light of an incident, how vividly that sight of horrors looms upon the sense! Does not the imagination picture the little group in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, laughing, as they do now, at the day's events and of unusual heat? Does it not hush them, as they do now, at the sight of the waters in the bay? See, as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness—how the sky opens overhead and flames break out, while corals, and molten rocks come pouring down!

What movements, what emotions, what surprise! The tumult of the sea, the roar of the waves, the monotone of the bay is lifted for every instant—the hollow roar of the wind is lifted for every instant—the air grows thick and hot with flames—and at the mountain's is heard the roll of the liquid lava. Jewels, household goods, gold and silver coins are snatched

up on the instant. No time to say farewell; darkness in front and fire behind, they rush into the streets, choked with falling houses, flying citizens. How find the way through messages which have no longer outlets? Confusion, danger, darkness, uproar, everywhere; the shouts of parted friends, the agony of the men struck down by falling columns—fear, madness and despair unchanged—here penury clutching gold it cannot keep—there, gluttonous feet on the final meal, and phrenzy striking in the dark to forestall death. The fire on her head hears the young girl's scream—the fire is on her jaw and lips! No time for thought—no pause—the flood rolls on, and wisdom, beauty, age and youth, with all their stores of love, their hopes, their rank, wealth and greatness—all the once affluent life are gone forever.

READY FOR THEM.—A California paper says, "For the benefit of those who have taken umbrage at recent articles in our paper, we will state that we have engaged a fighting editor, whose duties are exclusively confined to this particular branch of the editorial department. He stands seven feet in his stockings, is walking-cane is a Minnie rifle, his shirt buttons are ounce balls, and he has killed his man."²²